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Missions

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HYMNS AND TUNES



New York, March 27-30, 1911

76. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come;
 Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast And our e-ter-nal home! A-MEN.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

A-MEN.

♩ = 94. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain
 His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train!
 2. Who best can drink his cup 'o woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
 Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain.
 His blood-red banner streams afar,
 Who follows in His train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army: men and boys,
 The matron and the maid;
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

AMEN.

1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee;
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

AMEN.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

mp

$\text{♩} = 82$

O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

mp

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er.

cr

Shame on us, Chris-tian bro - thers, His Name and sign who bear,

cr

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! AMEN.

1 O Jesu, Thou art standing,
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er.
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His Name and sign who bear,
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
 And lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred :
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou are pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 “I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?”
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

AMEN.

mf
= 100. O Si - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing. To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will- ing
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad tid - ings;
Tid-ings of peace, Tid-ings of Je sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease. A - MEN.

1 O Sion, haste thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He Who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:
Publish glad tidings,
Tidings of peace,
Tidings of Jesus,
Redemption and release.

2 Behold how many thousand still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish, etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His Life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish, etc.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish, etc.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish, etc.

A MEN.

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ALFORD
J. B. Dykes

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ALFORD
J. B. Dykes

f = 104. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
 The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steepes of light:
 'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin
 Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-MEN

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steepes of light:
 'Tis finished! all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin:
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore!
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign!
 Appear, Desire of nations!
 Thine exiles long for home:
 Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign!
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

AMEN.

10. 10. 10. 10.

RUSSIAN HYMN
A. T. Lewff

90. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa-lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
 tower-ing head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark-ling por-tals
 wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-MEN.

- 1 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
 Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A-MEN.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word.
 From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - MEN.

- 1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. AMEN.

God is Working His Purpose Out.

A. C. Ainger

(AINGER.)

M. D. Kingham.

mf

1. God is work - ing His pur - pose out, as
 2. From ut - most East to ut - most West, wher -
 3. What can we do to work God's work, to
 4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the
 5. All we can do is noth - ing worth, un -

cres.

year suc - ceeds to year: . . . God is work - ing His
 e'er man's foot hath trod, By the mouth of man - ny
 pros - per and in - crease The broth - er - hood of
 ban-ner of Christ un - furl'd, That the light of the glo - rious
 less God bless - es the deed, . . . Vain - ly we hope for the

mf

pur - pose out, and the time is draw - ing near -
 mes - sen - gers goes forth the voice of God. Give
 all man - kind - the reign of the Prince of Peace?
 Gos - pel of Truth may shine through - out the world -
 har - - vest, till God gives life to the seed; Yet

cres - cen - do.

Near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be,
 ear to Me, ye con - ti-nents - ye isles, give 'ear to Me,
 What can we do to hast - en the time, the time that shall sure - ly be,
 Fight we the fight with sor - row and sin to set their cap - tives free,
 near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be,

cres. *ff*

When the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
 That the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
 When the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
 When the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of

dim.

God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea. A - men.

1 God is working his purpose out,
As year succeeds to year:
God is working His purpose out,
And the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

2 From utmost East to utmost West,
Where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers
Goes forth the voice of God.
Give ear to Me, ye continents—
Ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

3 What can we do to work God's work,
To prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—
The reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

4 March we forth in the strength of God,
With the banner of Christ unfurl'd,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth
May shine throughout the world.
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin
To set their captives free,
That the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

5 All we can do is nothing worth,
Unless God blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest,
Till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

AMEN.

SARUM
J. Barnby

10. 10. 10. 4.

10. 10. 10. 4.

f

104. For all the Saints, who from their labours rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world éon- fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
be for ev - er bless'd, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A-MEN.

1 For all the Saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever bless'd.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light,
Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia.

AMEN.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

F. J. Haydn

mf

♩=88. Glor-ious things of thee are spo-ken, Si-on, ci-ty of our God;

mf

He, Whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a-bode,

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

f

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

AMEN.

- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His Grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden strand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

(15)

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

(16)

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made;
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen

1 Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, etc

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, etc

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, etc

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, etc